

# Feel It

## Charli Baltimore

Can you feel it?  
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?  
It's makin' me hot, it's makin' me hot  
It's makin' me hot, yo, yo  
Can you feel it?  
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?  
It's makin' me hot, it's makin' me hot  
It's makin' me hot, yo, yo  
Uh, uh, uh  
Wanna test my waters? Step in  
Hot, no question, what? Interested?  
Chick blessed in drop  
No less than sick flows  
Tell me who the best in ill pitch, ill bitch, hit it  
Cats know I deliver blows, kill hits  
Kill the light switch, I'm barkin' in my CB  
Tight chick with charts in mind  
Hearts in my actress  
Better address me with status  
Ms. and Misses, y'all who's and what's  
Came in vicious  
Everything I touch, y'all wanna get it  
Cats wanna hit it, hide when I spit it  
What y'all do? Did it, wanna get it?  
Wanna get rich, I'mma show you money  
Now you want a hot chick, gotta throw your money  
Why you wanna hate me, I don't know you money  
Y'all cats got late fee's, I don't owe you money  
Y'all quick to wild out and just blow your money  
Should it stash high, burnin' flashlight  
Girls need to know if you're stuck for money  
Cats get sheisty, I might duck for money  
Let 'em know, you ain't gettin' buck for money  
And tall slick, I bank ten and front for money, what  
Can you feel it?  
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?  
It's makin' me hot, it's makin' me hot  
It's makin' me hot, yo, yo  
Yo, yo, yo, yo

Feel me come through hard so ya'll hear me  
Turn back? Never, rap vendetta  
Each letter clever for that cheddar  
Ball in cold weather, mink on the sweater  
Don't speak to Heather  
Only fly lady certified Indy, the rest gotta pay me  
Chuck get shady, cats try to play me  
Waggin' Mercedes Benz for the lady  
Me that, so he that, where the keys at?  
Ride through, slide through for feedback  
Like damn, she ballin', damn she that chick  
Damn, she tall and, damn she got hits  
Damn, she mad cool, damn she been chillin'  
Damn, mad jewels, damn she be spillin'  
Trust, we gon' all ball love ya  
Pop bubbly, I'mma make ya'll love me, uh  
Can you feel it?  
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?  
It's makin' me hot, it's makin' me hot  
It's makin' me hot, yo, yo  
Yo, yo  
Just warmin' up, chilled the whole song  
Y'all feel it yet? Killed the whole song  
Haters game raw, ain't nothin' pretty  
Bank head strong so checkbook pretty  
Reach the wrong city, crooked schemes  
Counterfeit fifty's, crooked seams  
Now I play scenes  
Genuine dollars, genuine presents, genuine ballers  
Stay real stack's back's you faces  
Back to basics, flip rhyme basses  
Chuck goin' lace it, ya'll gon' taste it  
Fresh new face, did it mark my spot  
Mark my "X", park my Lex, watch be 'Lex  
Face forgets nigga, lay some sex  
Flow dough from bitch to hoe, flip the do'  
Flip the scripts, switch from hoe to bitch, nigga  
Can you feel it?  
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?  
It's makin' me hot, it's makin' me hot  
It's makin' me hot, yo, yo